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THE
DESERTED BRIDE;
AND
OTHER POEMS.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

New-York:

D. APPLETON & CO. 200 BROADWAY.

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TO

THEODORE S. FAY, Esq.

SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN LEGATION, NEAR THE COURT OF BERLIN,

These Pages

ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY HIS FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

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THE DESERTED BRIDE.

SUGGESTED BY

A SCENE IN THE PLAY OF THE HUNCHBACK.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES, ESQ.



“LOVE me! — No — he never loved me!”

Else he'd sooner die than stain

One so fond as he has proved me

With the hollow world's disdain.

False one, go — my doom is spoken,

And the spell that bound me broken!

Wed him ! — Never. — He has lost me ! —

Tears ! — Well, let them flow ! — His bride ?

No. — The struggle life may cost me !

But he'll find that I have pride !

Love is not an idle flower,

Blooms and dies the self-same hour.

Title, land, and broad dominion,

With himself to me he gave ;

Stoop'd to earth his spirit's pinion,

And became my willing slave !

Knelt and pray'd until he won me —

Looks he coldly now upon me ?

Ingrate ! — Never sure was maiden

Wrong'd so foul as I. With grief

My true breast is overladen —

Tears afford me no relief —

Every nerve is strain'd and aching,

And my very heart is breaking !

Love I him ? — Thus scorned and slighted —

 Thrown, like worthless weed, apart —

Hopes and feelings seared and blighted —

 Love him ? — Yes, with all my heart !

With a passion superhuman —

Constancy, “ thy name is woman.”

Love nor time nor mood can fashion —

 Love ? — Idolatry’s the word

To speak the broadest, deepest passion,

 Ever woman’s heart hath stirr’d !

Vain to still the mind’s desires,

Which consume like hidden fires !

Wreck’d and wretched, lost and lonely,

 Crush’d by grief’s oppressive weight,

With a prayer for Clifford only,

 I resign me to my fate.

Chains that bind the soul I’ve proven

Strong as they were iron-woven.

Deep the wo that fast is sending
 From my cheek its healthful bloom ;
Sad my thoughts as willows bending
 O'er the borders of the tomb.
Without Clifford not a blessing
In the world is worth possessing.

Wealth ! — a straw within the balance,
 Opposed to love, 'twill strike the beam :
Kindred — friendship — beauty — talents ? —
 All to love as nothing seem ;
Weigh love against all else together,
As solid gold against a feather.

Hope is flown — away disguises —
 Naught but death relief can give —
For the love he little prizes
 Cannot cease and Julia live !
Soon my thread of life will sever —
Clifford, fare thee well — for ever !

W O M A N .

AH, woman ! — in this world of ours,

What boon can be compared to thee ? —

How slow would drag life's weary hours,

Tho' man's proud brow were bound with flowers,

And his the wealth of land and sea,

If destined to exist alone,

And ne'er call woman's heart his own !

My mother ! — At that holy name

Within my bosom there's a gush

Of feeling which no time can tame,

A feeling, which for years of fame,

I would not, could not crush !

And sisters ! — ye are dear as life,

But when I look upon my wife

My heart-blood gives a sudden rush,

And all my fond affections blend
In mother — sisters — wife and friend !

Yes, woman's love is free from guile
And pure as bright Aurora's ray ;
The heart will melt before her smile,
And base-born passions fade away !
Were I the monarch of the earth,
Or master of the swelling sea,
I would not estimate their worth,
Dear woman, half the price of thee.

WHEN OTHER FRIENDS ARE ROUND THEE.

WHEN other friends are round thee,
And other hearts are thine,
When other bays have crown'd thee,
More fresh and green than mine,
Then think how sad and lonely
This doating heart will be,
Which while it throbs, throbs only,
Beloved one, for thee !

Yet do not think I doubt thee,
I know thy truth remains ;
I would not live without thee,
For all the world contains.
Thou art the star that guides me
Along life's troubled sea ;
And whatever fate betides me,
This heart still turns to thee.



WE WERE BOYS TOGETHER.

I.

WE were boys together,
And never can forget
The school-house near the heather,
In childhood where we met :
Nor the green home, to memory dear,
Its sorrows and its joys,
Which call'd the transient smile or tear
When you and I were boys.

II.

We were youths together,
And castles built in air ;
Your heart was like a feather,
While mine was dash'd with care.
To you came wealth with manhood's prime,
To me it brought alloys
Ne'er imaged in the primrose time
When you and I were boys.

III.

We're old men together ;
The friends we loved of yore,
With leaves of autumn weather,
Are gone for evermore.
How bless'd to age the impulse given —
The hope time ne'er destroys —
Which led our thoughts from earth to heaven,
When you and I were boys.

THE BACCHANAL.

BESIDE a cottage door

Sung Ella at her wheel ;

Ruthven rode o'er the moor,

Down at her feet to kneel :

A spotted palfrey gay

Came ambling at his side,

To bear the maid away

As his affianced bride.

A high-born noble he

Of stately halls secure ;

A low-born peasant she,

Of parentage obscure.

How soft the honied words

He breathes into her ears !

The melody of birds !

The music of the spheres !



With love her bosom swells,
 Which she would fain conceal —
 Her eyes, like crystal wells,
 Its hidden depths reveal.
 While liquid diamonds drip
 From feeling's fountain warm,
 Flutters her scarlet lip —
 A rose-leaf in a storm !



As from an April sky
The rain-clouds flit away,
So from the maiden's eye,
Vanish'd the falling spray,
Which linger'd but awhile
Her dimpled cheek upon,
Then melted in her smile
Like vapour in the sun.

The maid is all his own —
She trusts his plighted word,
And, lightly on the roan,
She springs beside her lord.
She leaves her father's cot,
She turns her from the door —
That green and holy spot
Which she will see no more !

They hied to foreign lands,
That lord and peasant-maid :
The church ne'er bless'd their bands,
And Ella was betrayed !
Then droop'd that lovely flower,
Torn from its parent stem ;
Then fled in evil hour,
The light from out that gem.

They laid her in the ground,
And Ella was forgot —
Dead was her father found
In his deserted cot.
But Ruthven — what of him ?
He ran their story o'er,
And, filling to the brim,
He thought of it no more !



THE DISMISSED.

"I suppose she was right in rejecting my suit,
But why did she kick me down stairs?"

Halleck's Discarded.

THE wing of my spirit is broken,
My day-star of hope has declined ;
For a month not a word have I spoken,
That's either polite or refined.
My mind's like the sky in bad weather
When mist-clouds around us are curl'd :
And, viewing myself altogether,
I'm the veriest wretch in the world.

I wander about like a vagrant,
I spend half my time in the street ;
My conduct's improper and flagrant,
For I quarrel with all that I meet.
My dress too is wholly neglected,
My hat I pull over my brow,
And I look like a fellow suspected
Of wishing to kick up a row.

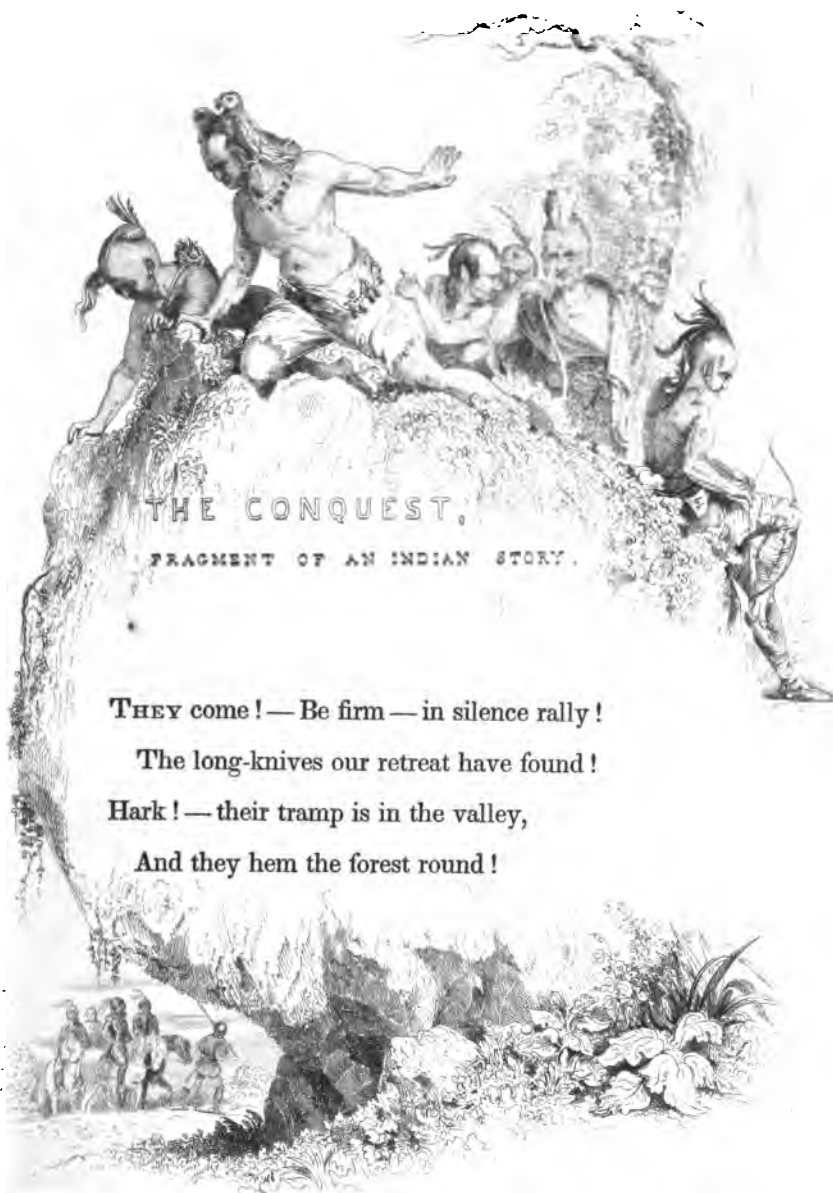
At home I'm an object of horror
To boarder and waiter and maid ;
But my landlady views me with sorrow,
When she thinks of the bill that's unpaid.
Abroad my acquaintances flout me,
The ladies cry, " Bless us, look there !"
And the little boys cluster about me,
And sensible citizens stare.

One says, " He's a victim to Cupid,"
Another, " His conduct's too bad,"
A third, " He is awfully stupid,"
A fourth, " He is perfectly mad ;"

And then I am watched like a bandit,
My friends with me all are at strife —
By heaven, no longer I'll stand it,
But quick put an end to my life !

I've thought of the means — yet I shudder
At dagger or ratsbane or rope ;
At drawing with lancet my blood, or
At razor without any soap.
Suppose I should fall in a duel,
And thus leave the stage with eclat ;
But to die with a bullet is cruel,
Besides 'twould be breaking the law.

Yet one way remains — to the river
I'll fly from the goadings of care —
But drown?—oh the thought makes me shiver—
A terrible death, I declare.
Ah no ! I'll once more see my Kitty,
And parry her cruel disdain,
Beseech her to take me in pity,
And never dismiss me again.



THE CONQUEST,
FRAGMENT OF AN INDIAN STORY.

THEY come! — Be firm — in silence rally!
The long-knives our retreat have found!
Hark! — their tramp is in the valley,
And they hem the forest round!

Printed by Burton

The burthen'd boughs with pale scouts quiver,
The echoing hills tumultuous ring,
While across the eddy river
Their barks, like foaming war-steeds, spring !
The blood-hounds darken land and water,
They come — like buffaloes for slaughter !

See their glittering files advancing,
See upon the free winds dancing,
Pennon proud and gaudy plume :
The strangers come in evil hour,
In pomp and panoply and power,
To plant a weed where bloom'd a flower,
Where sunshine broke to spread a shower,
And, while upon our tribes they lower,

Think they our manly hearts will cower,
To meet a warrior's doom ?

Right they forget while strength they feel ;
Our blood they drain, our land they steal ;
And should the vanquish'd Indian kneel,
They spurn him from their sight !

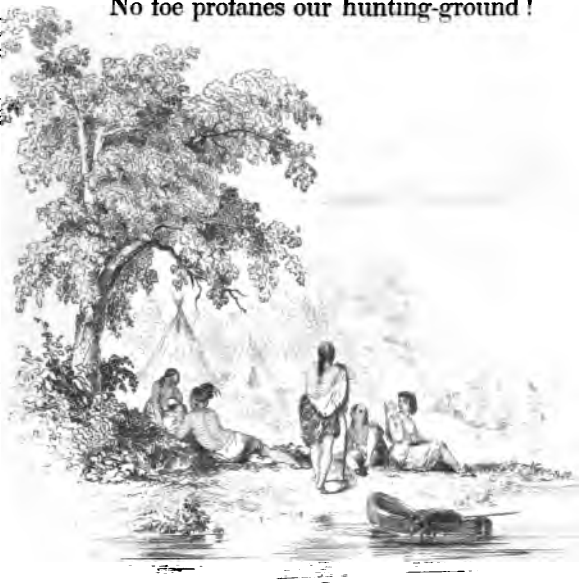
Be set for ever in disgrace,
The glory of the red-man's race,
If from the foe he turns his face,
Or safety seeks in flight !

They come ! — up and upon them, braves !
Fight for your altars and your graves !



Drive back the stern, invading slaves,
In fight till now victorious !
Like lightning from storm-clouds on high,
The hurtling death-wing'd arrows fly,
And wind-rows of pale warriors die ! —
O ! never has the sun's bright eye
Look'd from his hill-tops in the sky,
Upon a field so glorious !

They're gone — again the red-men rally,
With dance and song the woods resound :
The hatchet's buried in the valley ;
No foe profanes our hunting-ground !



The green leaves on the blithe boughs quiver,
The verdant hills with song-birds ring,
While our bark-canoes, the river
Skim like swallows on the wing.

Mirth pervades the land and water,
Free from famine, sword and slaughter !

* * * * *

Let us, by this gentle river,
Blunt the axe and break the quiver,
While, as leaves upon the spray,
Peaceful flow our cares away !

* * * * *

Yet, alas ! the hour is brief,
Left for either joy or grief,
All on earth that we inherit
From the hands of the Great Spirit,

Wigwam, hill, plain, lake and field,
To the white-man must we yield ;
For, like sunbeams in the waves,
We are sinking to our graves !

From this wilderness of wo
Like a caravan we go,
Leaving all our groves and streams
For the far-off land of dreams.
There are prairies, waving high,
Boundless as the sheeted sky,
Where our fathers' spirits roam,
And the red-man has a home.

Let tradition tell our story
As we fade in cloudless glory,

As we seek the land of rest
Beyond the borders of the west,
No eye but ours may look upon —
WE ARE THE CHILDREN OF THE SUN !



JANET Mc REA.

SHE heard the fight was over,
And won the wreath of fame !
When tidings from her lover,
With his good war-steed came.
To guard her safely to his tent,
The red-men of the woods were sent.
They led her where sweet waters gush
Under the pine tree bough !
The tomahawk is raised to crush, —
'Tis buried in her brow !
She sleeps beneath that pine tree now !

Her broken-hearted lover
In hopeless conflict died !
The forest leaves now cover
That soldier and his bride !
The frown of the Great Spirit fell
Upon the red-men like a spell !
No more those waters slake their thirst,
Shadeless to them that tree !
O'er land and lake they roam accurst,
And in the clouds they see
Thy spirit unavenged, Mc Rea !

L I N E S

AFTER THE MANNER OF THE OLDEN TIME.

OH Love ! the mischief thou hast done !
Thou god of pleasure and of pain !
None can escape thee — yes, there's one ! —
All others wear thy heavy chain !
Thou cause of all my smiles and tears !
Thou blight and bloom of all my years !

Thy throne's the heart, despotic boy !
And there thou reign'st without control ;
Thy frown is grief, thy glance is joy,
Thy smile the sunbeam of the soul.
The buds of spring, the leaves of fall,
Thou wearest in thy coronal !

Love maketh glad or maketh sad —
Love is a tyrant and a slave !
The bad makes good — the good makes bad —
The coward nerves — appals the brave ! —
Love glistens in the maiden's eyes,
And breathes in kisses, sobs and sighs !

Love bathes him in the morning's dew,
Reclines him in the lily's bell —
Reposes in the rainbow's hues,
And bubbles in the crystal well ;
Or hies him to the coral caves,
Where sea-nymphs sport beneath the waves.

Love vibrates in the wind-harp's tune,
With fays and fairies lingers he —
Gleams in the ring of the watery moon,
Or treads the pebbles of the sea :
Love enters "court and camp and grove ;"
Oh, everywhere we meet thee, Love !

And everywhere he welcome finds —
Through cottage-door or palace-porch
Love enters free as spicy-winds,
With purple wings and lighted torch,
With tripping feet and silvery tongue,
And bow and darts behind him slung !

He tinkles in the shepherd's bell,
And charms the village maiden's ear ;
By lattice high he weaves his spell
For ladye-fair and cavalier.
As sunbeams melt the mountain snow,
So melt Love's rays the high and low.

Then why, ye nymphs Arcadian, why,
Since Love is roaming as the air,
Why does he not to Lelia fly,
And warm that cold and haughty fair ?
Scorn rules alone her swelling heart :
She scoffs at Love and all his art !

Oh, boy-god, Love! — an archer thou —
Thy utmost skill I fain would test ;
One arrow aim at Lelia now,
And let thy target be her breast !
Around her heart, oh fling thy chain,
Or give me back my own again !

RHYME AND REASON.

AN APOLOGUE.

Two children, in the olden time,
In Flora's primrose season,
Were born. The name of one was Rhyme,
That of the other Reason ;
And both were beautiful and fair,
Pure as the mountain stream and air.

As the boys together grew,
Happy fled their hours —
Grief or care they never knew
In the Paphian bowers.
See them roaming, hand in hand,
The pride of all the choral band.

Music with harp of golden strings,
Love with bow and quiver,
Airy sprites on radiant wings,
Nymphs of wood and river,
Join'd the muses' thrilling song,
As Rhyme and Reason pass'd along.

But the scene was changed — the boys
Left their native soil —
Rhyme's pursuit was idle joys,
Reason's, manly toil :
Soon Rhyme was starving in a ditch,
While Reason grew exceeding rich.

Since that dark and fatal hour,
When the brothers parted,
Reason has had wealth and power —
Rhyme's poor and broken-hearted !
And now, or bright or stormy weather,
They twain are seldom seen together.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

WOODMAN, spare that tree !
Touch not a single bough !
In youth it shelter'd me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot ;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not !

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hack it down ?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke !
Cut not its earth-bound ties ;
Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies !

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade ;
In all their gushing joy
Here too my sisters played.
My mother kiss'd me here ;
My father press'd my hand —
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand !

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend !
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree ! the storm still brave !
And, woodman, leave the spot ;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

LOVE THEE, DEAREST ?

LOVE thee, dearest ? — Hear me. — Never

Will my fond vows be forgot !

May I perish, and forever,

When, dear maid, I love thee not !

Then turn not from me, dearest ! — Listen !

Banish all thy doubts and fears !

And let thine eyes with transport glisten !

What hast thou to do with tears ?

Dry them, dearest ! — Ah, believe me,

Love's bright flame is burning still !

Though the hollow world deceive thee,

Here's a heart that never will !

Dost thou smile ? — A cloud of sorrow

Breaks before Joy's rising sun !

Wilt thou give thy hand ? — To-morrow

Hymen, dearest, makes us one !

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

THIS book is all that's left me now !
Tears will unbidden start ;
With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart.
For many generations pass'd,
Here in our family tree ;
My mother's hands this Bible clasp'd ;
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah ! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear :
Who round the hearth-stone used to close,
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill !
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still !

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear ;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who lean'd God's word to hear.
Her angel face — I see it yet !
What vivid memories come !
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home !

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried ;
When all were false I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy :
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

WEARIES MY LOVE OF MY LETTERS ?

WEARIES my love of my letters ?
Does she my silence command ?
Sunders she Love's golden fetters
As though they were woven of sand ?
Tires she too of each token
Indited with many a sigh ?
Are all her promises broken ?
And must I love on till I die ?

Thinks my dear love that I blame her
With what was a burden to part ?
Ah, no ! — with affection I'll name her
While lingers a pulse in my heart.
Although she has clouded with sadness,
And blighted the bloom of my years,
I love her still, even to madness,
And bless her through showers of tears !

My pen I have laid down in sorrow,
The songs of my lute I forego,
From neither assistance I'll borrow
To utter my heart-seated wo !
But peace to her bosom, wherever
Her thoughts or her footsteps may stray :
Memento of mine again never
Will shadow the light of her way !

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

FREEDOM spreads her downy wings
Over all created things ;
Glory to the King of kings,
Bend low to Him the knee !
Bring the heart before His throne —
Worship Him and Him alone ! —
He's the only King we own —
And He has made us free !

The holiest spot a smiling sun
E'er shed his genial rays upon,
Is that which gave a Washington,
 The drooping world to cheer !
Sound the clarion-peals of fame !
Ye who bear Columbia's name ! —
With existence freedom came,
 It is man's birth-right here !

Heirs of an immortal sire,
Let his deeds your hearts inspire ;
Weave the strain and wake the lyre
 Where your proud altars stand !
Hail with pride and loud hurrahs,
Streaming from a thousand spars,
Freedom's rainbow-flag of stars !
 The symbol of our land !

I NEVER HAVE BEEN FALSE TO THEE.

I NEVER have been false to thee !
The heart I gave thee still is thine ;
Though thou hast been untrue to me,
And I no more may call thee mine !
I've loved, as woman ever loves,
With constant soul in good or ill ;—
Thou'st proved as man too often proves,
A rover—but I love thee still !

Yet think not that my spirit stoops
To bind thee captive in my train !—
Love's not a flower, at sunset droops,
But smiles when comes her god again !
Thy words, which fall unheeded now,
Could once my heart-strings madly thrill !
Love's golden chain and burning vow
Are broken — but I love thee still !

Once what a heaven of bliss was ours,
When love dispell'd the clouds of care,
And time went by with birds and flowers,
While song and incense fill'd the air !
The past is mine — the present thine —
Should thoughts of me thy future fill,
Think what a destiny is mine,
To lose — but love thee, false one, still !

R O S A B E L .

I MISS thee from my side, beloved,
I miss thee from my side ;
And wearily and drearily,
Flows Time's resistless tide.
The world, and all its fleeting joys,
To me are worse than vain,
Until I clasp thee to my heart,
Beloved one, again.

The wildwood and the forest path,
We used to thread of yore,
With bird and bee have flown with thee,
And gone for evermore !
There is no music in the grove,
No echo on the hill ;
But melancholy boughs are there,
And hush'd the whip-poor-will.

I miss thee in the town, beloved,
I miss thee in the town ;
From morn I grieve till dewy eve
Spreads wide its mantle brown.
My spirit's wings, that once could soar
In fancy's world of air,
Are crush'd and beaten to the ground
By life-corroding care.

No more I hear thy bird-like voice,
Nor see thy winning face ;
That once would gleam like morning's beam
In mental pride and grace :

Thy form of matchless symmetry,
In sweet perfection cast. —
It is the star of memory
That fades not with the past.

I miss thee everywhere, beloved,
I miss thee everywhere :
Both night and day wear dull away,
And leave me in despair.
The banquet-hall, the play, the ball,
And childhood's gladsome glee,
Have lost their charms for me, beloved,
My soul is full of thee !

Has Rosabel forgotten me,
And love I now in vain ?
If that be so, my heart can know
On earth no rest again.
A sad and weary lot is mine,
To love and be forgot,
A sad and weary lot, beloved,
A sad and weary lot.

SILENT GRIEF.

WHERE is now my peace of mind ?

Gone, alas ! for evermore :

Turn where'er I may, I find

Thorns where roses bloom'd before.

O'er the green-fields of my soul,

Where the springs of joy were found,

Now the clouds of sorrow roll,

Shading all the prospect round !

Do I merit pangs like these,

That have cleft my heart in twain ?

Must I, to the very lees,

Drain thy bitter chalice, Pain ?

Silent grief all grief excels ;

Life and it together part,

Like a restless worm it dwells

Deep within the human heart !

THE SEASONS OF LOVE.

THE spring-time of love
Is both happy and gay,
For joy sprinkles blossoms
And balm in our way :
The sky, earth and ocean
In beauty repose,
And all the bright future
Is *couleur de rose*.

The summer of love
Is the bloom of the heart,
When hill, grove and valley
Their music impart,
And the pure glow of heaven
Is seen in fond eyes,
As lakes show the rainbow
That's hung in the skies.

The autumn of love
Is the season of cheer,
Life's mild Indian summer,
The smile of the year ;
Which comes when the golden
Ripe harvest is stored,
And yields its own blessings —
Repose and reward.

The winter of love
Is the beam that we win,
While the storm howls without,
From the sunshine within.
Love's reign is eternal,
The heart is his throne,
And he has all seasons
Of life for his own.

SOUTHERN REFRAIN.

NEAR the lake where droop'd the willow,
Long time ago !
Where the rock threw back the billow,
Brighter than snow ;
Dwelt a maid, beloved and cherish'd,
By high and low ;
But with autumn's leaf she perish'd,
Long time ago !

Rock and tree and flowing water,
Long time ago !
Bee and bird and blossom taught her
Love's spell to know !
While to my fond words she listen'd,
Murmuring low,
Tenderly her dove-eyes glisten'd
Long time ago !

Mingled were our hearts forever !
Long time ago !
Can I now forget her ? — Never ! —
No, lost one, no !
To her grave these tears are given,
Ever to flow ;
She's the star I miss'd from heaven,
Long time ago !

WELL-A-DAY.

Love comes and goes like a spell !
How, no one knows, nor can tell !
Now here — now there — then away !
None dreameth where. — Well-a-day !

Love should be true as the star
Seen in the blue sky afar !
Not here — now there — like the lay
Of lutes in th' air ! — Well-a-day !

Should love depart, not a tie
Binds up the heart 'till we die ! —
Now here — now there — sad we stray !
Life is all care ! — Well-a-day !

I'M WITH YOU ONCE AGAIN.

I'm with you once again, my friends —
No more my footsteps roam ;
Where it began my journey ends,
Amid the scenes of home.
No other clime has skies so blue,
Or streams so broad and clear,
And where are hearts so warm and true,
As those that meet me here?

Since last, with spirits wild and free,
I press'd my native strand,
I've wander'd many miles at sea,
And many miles on land :
I've seen all nations of the earth,
Of every hue and tongue,
Which taught me how to prize the worth
Of that from which I sprung.

In other countries when I heard
The music of my own,
Oh how my echoing heart has stirr'd,
And bounded at the tone ;
But when a brother's hand I clasp'd,
Beneath a foreign sky,
With joy convulsively I gasp'd,
Like one about to die !

My native land, I turn to you,
With blessings and with prayer,
Where man is brave and woman true,
And free as mountain air.
Long may our flag in triumph wave,
Against the world combined,
And friends a welcome — foes a grave,
Within our borders find.

STAR-LIGHT RECOLLECTIONS.

'Twas night. — In the woodland alone
We met with no witnesses by
But such as resplendently shone
In the blue-tinted vault of the sky :
Your head on my bosom was laid,
As you said you would ever be mine ;
And I promised to love, dearest maid,
And worship alone at your shrine.

Your love on my heart gently fell
As the dew on the flowers at eve,
Whose bosoms with gratitude swell,
A blessing to give and receive :
And I knew by the glow on your cheek,
And the rapture you could not control,
No power had language to speak
The faith or content of your soul.

I love you as none ever loved ;
As the steel to the star I am true ;
And I, dearest maiden, have proved
That none ever loved me but you.
Till memory loses her power,
Or the sands of existence have run,
I'll remember the star-lighted hour,
That mingled two hearts into one.

MY WOODLAND BRIDE.

HERE upon the mountain side
Till now we met together ;
Here I won my woodland bride,
In flush of summer weather.
Green was then the linden bough,
This dear retreat that shaded ;
Autumn winds are round me now,
And the leaves have faded.

She whose heart was all my own,
In this summer-bower,
With all pleasant things has flown,
Sunbeam, bird and flower !
But her memory will stay
With me, though we're parted —
From the scene I turn away,
Almost broken-hearted !

THE DAY IS NOW DAWNING, LOVE.

WILLIAM.

THE day is now dawning, love,
Fled is the night —
I go like the morning, love,
Cheerful and bright.
Then adieu, dearest Ellen :
When evening is near
I'll visit thy dwelling,
For true love is here.

ELLEN.

Oh, come where the fountain, love,
Tranquilly flows ;
Beneath the green mountain, love,
Seek for repose ; —
Here the days of our childhood,
In love's golden beam,
'Mong the blue-bells and wildwood,
Pass'd on like a dream.

WILLIAM.

O linger awhile, love.

ELLEN.

I must away.

WILLIAM.

O grant me thy smile, love,
'Tis hope's cheering ray,
With evening expect me.

ELLEN.

To the moment be true,
And may angels protect thee —

BOTH.

Sweet Ellen, adieu !
Dear William, adieu !

THINK OF ME.

Oh, think of me, my own beloved,
 Whatever cares beset thee ;
And when thou hast the falsehood proved,
 Of those with smiles who met thee :
While o'er the sea, think, love, of me,
 Who never can forget thee ;
Let memory trace the trysting place,
 Where I with tears regret thee.

Bright as yon star, within my mind,
 A hand unseen hath set thee ;
There hath thine image been enshrined,
 Since first, dear love, I met thee.
So in thy breast, I fain would rest,
 If, haply, fate would let me,
And live or die, wert thou but nigh,
 To love or to regret me.

A SCENE AT SEA.

ABOVE our heads the moon and stars
Were smiling brightly and serene,
Painting the waves with silver bars,
And lighting up that ocean-scene :
And on our right the lightnings threw
Their fiery javelins far and free,
While, like a bird with proud wings, flew
Our vessel through that foaming sea !
And all above, below, around,
Was full of grandeur ! Every sound
The winds and waters breathed were such
As I had never heard before !
Oh, who can tell the heart how much
At such an hour it will adore
The Inscrutable First Cause which we
Behold in every thing at sea !

OH, WOULD THAT SHE WERE HERE.

Oh, would that she were here,
These hills and dales among,
Where vocal groves are gayly mock'd
By Echo's airy tongue :
Where jocund Nature smiles
In all her boon attire,
Amid deep-tangled wiles
Of hawthorn and sweet-briar.
Oh, would that she were here,
That fair and gentle thing,
Whose voice is like the melody
Breathed by the wind-harp's string.

Oh, would that she were here,
Where the free waters leap,
Shouting in their joyousness
Adown the rocky steep :

Where rosy zephyr lingers
All the live-long day,
With health upon his pinions,
And gladness in his way.
Oh, would that she were here —
Sure Eden's groves of palm
Were not more redolent of bliss
Than these broad fields of balm.

Oh, would that she were here,
Where glide the pleasant hours,
Rife with the song of bee and bird,
The perfume of the flowers :
Where beams of peace and love,
And radiant beauty's glow,
Are pictured in the sky above,
And in the lake below.
Oh, would that she were here —
The nymphs of this bright scene,
With song and dance and revelry,
Would hail the dear one queen.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

UPON the barren sand,
A single captive stood,
Around him came with bow and brand,
The red-men of the wood.
Like him of old, his doom he hears,
Rock-bound on ocean's rim : —
The chieftain's daughter knelt in tears,
And breathed a prayer for him.

Above his head in air,
The savage war-club swung,
The frantic girl, in wild despair,
Her arms about him flung.
Then shook the warriors of the shade,
Like leaves on aspen limb,
Subdued by that heroic maid
Who breathed a prayer for him.

"Unbind him !" gasped the chief,
" It is your king's decree !"
He kiss'd away her tears of grief,
And set the captive free.
'Tis ever thus, when, in life's storm,
Hope's star to man grows dim,
An angel kneels in woman's form,
And breathes a prayer for him.

THE EVERGREEN.

Love cannot be the aloe tree,
Whose bloom but once is seen ;
Go search the grove, the tree of love
Is sure the evergreen :
For that's the same, in leaf or frame,
'Neath cold or sunny skies ;
You take the ground its roots have bound,
Or it, transplanted, dies !

That love thus shoots, and firmly roots
In woman's heart we see ;
Through smiles and tears in after years
It grows a fadeless tree.
The tree of love, all trees above,
For ever may be seen,
In summer's bloom or winter's gloom,
A hardy evergreen.

WHERE HUDSON'S WAVE.

WHERE Hudson's wave o'er silv'ry sands
Winds through the hills afar,
Old Cronest like a monarch stands,
Crown'd with a single star !
And there amid the billowy swells
Of rock-barr'd, cloud-capt earth,
My fair and gentle Ida dwells,
A nymph of mountain birth.

The snow-flake that the cliff receives,
The diamonds of the showers,
Spring's tender blossoms, buds and leaves,
The sisterhood of flowers,
Morn's early beam, eve's balmy breeze
Her purity define ;
But Ida's dearer far than these
To this fond breast of mine.

My heart is on the hills. The shades
Of night are on my brow :
Ye pleasant haunts and silent glades,
My soul is with you now !
I bless the star-crown'd highlands where
My Ida's footsteps roam —
Oh ! for a falcon's wing to bear
Me onward to my home.

SHE LOVED HIM.

SHE loved — but she heeded not —
Her heart had only room for pride :
All other feelings were forgot,
When she became another's bride.
As from a dream she then awoke,
To realize her lonely state,
And own it was the vow she broke,
That made her drear and desolate.

She loved him — but the sland'rer came,
With words of hate that all believed ;
A stain thus rested on his name,
But he was wrong'd and she deceived !
Ah, rash the act that gave her hand,
That drove her lover from her side,
Who hied him to a distant land,
Where, battling for a name, he died !

She loved him — and his memory now
Was treasured from the world apart :
The calm of thought was on her brow,
The seeds of death were in her heart.
For all the world that thing forlorn
I would not, could not be, and live,
That casket with its jewel gone,
A bride who has no heart to give.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

'Twas in the flush of summer time,
Some twenty years or more,
When Ernest lost his way, and crost
The threshold of our door.
I'll ne'er forget his locks of jet
His brow of Alpine snow,
His manly grace of form and face,
Some twenty years ago.

The hand he asked I freely gave —
Mine was a happy lot,
In all my pride to be his bride
Within my father's cot.
The faith he spoke he never broke :
His faithful heart I know ;
And well I vow I love him now
As twenty years ago.

LAND HO !

FILL high the brimmer ! — the land is in sight,
We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night !
The cold cheerless ocean in safety we've past,
And the warm genial earth glads our vision at last :
In the land of the stranger true hearts we shall find
To soothe us in absence of those left behind.
Then fill high the brimmer ! — the land is in sight,
We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night.

Fill high the brimmer — till morn we'll remain,
Then part in the hope to meet one day again
Round the hearth-stone of home, in the land of
our birth,
The holiest spot on the face of the earth !
Dear country ! our thoughts are as constant to thee
As the steel to the star or the stream to the sea ;
Then fill high the brimmer !— the land is in sight,
We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night.

Fill high the brimmer — the wine-sparkles rise
Like tears, from the fountain of joy, to the eyes !
May rain-drops that fall from the storm-clouds of
care,
Melt away in the sun-beaming smiles of the fair !
Drink deep to the chime of the nautical bells,
To woman, God bless her ! wherever she dwells !
Then fill high the brimmer !— the land is in sight,
We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night.

THE COT NEAR THE WOOD.

HARD by I've a cottage that stands near the wood,
A stream glides in peace at the door,
Where all who will tarry, 'tis well understood,
Receive hospitality's store.
To cheer that the brook and the thicket afford,
The stranger we ever invite:
You're welcome to freely partake at the board,
And afterwards rest for the night.

The birds in the morning will sing from the trees,
And herald the young god of day,
Then with him uprising, depart if you please,
We'll set you refresh'd on your way:
Your coin for our service we sternly reject;
No traffic for gain we pursue,
And all the reward that we wish or expect,
We take in the good that we do.

Mankind are all pilgrims on life's weary road,
And many would wander astray
In seeking Eternity's silent abode,
Did Mercy not point out the way !
If all would their duty discharge as they should,
To those who are friendless and poor,
The world would resemble my cot near the wood,
And life the sweet stream at my door.

OPEN THY LATTICE, LOVE.

OPEN thy lattice, love —
Listen to me !
The cool balmy breeze
Is abroad on the sea !
The moon, like a queen,
Roams her realms of blue,
And the stars keep their vigils
In heaven for you.
Ere morn's gushing light
Tips the hills with its ray,
Away, o'er the waters,
Away and away !

Then open thy lattice, love —
Listen to me !
While the moon lights the sky,
And the breeze curls the sea !

Open thy lattice, love —
Listen to me !
In the voyage of life,
Love our pilot will be !
He'll sit at the helm
Wherever we rove,
And steer by the load-star
He kindled above !
His gem-girdled shallop
Will cut the bright spray,
Or skim, like a bird,
O'er the waters away !
Then open thy lattice, love —
Listen to me,
While the moon lights the sky,
And the breeze curls the sea !

OUR PATRIOT SIRES.

I LOVE the patriot sages,
Who, in the days of yore,
In combat met the foemen,
And drove them from our shore ;
Who flung our banner's starry field,
In triumph to the breeze,
And spread broad maps of cities where
Once waved the forest trees.
—Hurrah !—

I love the lofty spirit
Impell'd our sires to rise
To found a mighty nation
Beneath the western skies.
No clime so bright and beautiful
As that where sets the sun ;
No land so fertile, free and fair
As that of Washington.
—Hurrah !—

LADY OF ENGLAND.

LADY of England — o'er the seas
Thy name was borne on ev'ry breeze,
Till all this sunset clime became
Familiar with Victoria's name !

Though seas divide us many a mile,
Yet, for the Queen of that fair isle,
From which our fathers sprung, there roves
A blessing from this Land of Groves.

Our Father-land ! — fit theme for song !
When thou art named what memories throng !
Shall England cease our love to claim ?
Not while our language is the same !

Scion of kings ! so live and reign,
That, when thy nation's swelling strain
Is breathed amid our forests green,
We too may sing " God save the Queen ! "

OH, THIS LOVE !

AFTER THE MANNER OF JESS M'FARLANE.

OH, this love — this love !
I aince the passion slighted ;
But hearts that truly love,
Must break or be united.
Oh, this love !

When first he cam' to woo,
I little cared aboot him ;
But soon I felt as though
I cou'd na' live without him !
Oh, this love !

He brought to me the ring,
My hand ask'd o' my mither —
I cou'd na' bear the thought
That he shou'd tak' anither.
Oh, this love !

And now, I'm a' his ain,
In a' his joys I mingle ;
No' for the wealth of warlds,
Would I again be single !
Oh, this love !

THE BEAM OF DEVOTION.

I NEVER could find a good reason,
 Why sorrow unbidden should stay,
And all the bright joys of life's season,
 Be driven unheeded away.
Our cares would wake no more emotion,
 Were we to our lot but resign'd,
Than pebbles flung into the ocean,
 That leave scarce a ripple behind.

The world has a spirit of beauty,
 Which looks upon all for the best,
And while it discharges its duty,
 To Providence leaves all the rest ;
That spirit's the beam of devotion,
 It lights us through life to its close,
And sets like the sun in the ocean,
 More beautiful far than it rose.

AU REVOIR.

Love left one day his leafy bower,
And roam'd in sportive vein,
Where Vanity had built a tower,
For Fashion's sparkling train.
The mistress to see he requested,
Of one who attended the door :
"Not home," said the page, who suggested
That he'd leave his card. — "*Au revoir.*"

Love next came to a lowly bower —
A maid, who knew no guile,
Unlike the lady of the tower,
Received him with a smile.
Since then the cot beams with his brightness,
Though often at Vanity's door,
Love calls, merely out of politeness,
And just leaves his card. — "*Au revoir.*"

"LOVE, HONOUR AND OBEY."

WHEN Love in myrtle shades reposed —
His bow and darts behind him slung —
As dewy twilight round him closed,
Lisette these numbers sung :
"Oh, love ! thy sylvan bower
I'll fly while I've the power ;
Thy primrose way leads maids where they
Love, honour and obey !"

"Escape," the boy-god said, "is vain !"
And shook the diamonds from his wings :
"I'll bind thee captive in my train,
Fairest of earthly things !"
"Go, lovely archer, go !
I freedom's value know :
Then hence away, to none I'll say
Love, honour and obey !"

"Speed, arrow, to thy mark," he cried —
Swift as a ray of light it flew !
Love spread his purple pinions wide,
And faded from her view !
Joy fill'd that maiden's eyes —
Twin load-stars from the skies ! —
And one bright day, her lips did say
"Love, honour and obey !"

BESSY BELL.

WHEN life looks drear and lonely, love,
And pleasant fancies flee,
Then will the muses only, love,
Bestow a thought on me !
Mine is a harp which pleasure, love,
To waken strives in vain,
To Joy's entrancing measure, love,
It ne'er can thrill again !
Why mock me, Bessy Bell ?

Oh do not ask me ever, love,
For rapture-woven rhymes ;
For vain is each endeavour, love,
To sound mirth's play-bell chimes !
Yet still believe me, dearest love,
Though dull my song may be,
This heart still doats sincerest, love,
And grateful turns to thee !
My once true Bessy Bell !

Those eyes still rest upon me, love !
I feel their magic spell !
With that same look you won me, love,
Fair, gentle Bessy Bell !
My doom you've idly spoken, love,
You never can be mine !
But though my heart is broken, love,
Still, lady, it is thine !
Adieu, false Bessy Bell !

THE EXILE TO HIS SISTER.

As streams at morn, from seas that glide,
Rejoicing on their sparkling way,
Will turn again at eventide,
To mingle with their kindred spray :
E'en so the currents of the soul,
Dear sister, wheresoe'er we rove,
Will backward to our country roll,
The boundless ocean of our love.

Yon northern star, now burning bright,
The guide by which the wave-tost steer,
Beams not with more devoted light,
Than does thy love, my sister dear.
From stars above, the streams below,
Receive the glory they impart ;
So, sister, do thy virtues glow
Within the mirror of my heart.

MY BARK IS OUT UPON THE SEA.

My bark is out upon the sea—
The moon's above ;
Her light a presence seems to me
Like woman's love.
My native land I've left behind—
Afar I roam ;
In other climes no hearts I'll find
Like those at home.

Of all yon sister-band of stars
But one is true ;
She paves my path with silver bars,
And beams like you,
Whose purity the waves recall
In music's flow,
As round my bark they rise and fall
In liquid snow.

The fresh'ning breeze now swells our sails !

A storm is on !

The weary moon's dim lustre fails—

The stars are gone.

Not so fades love's eternal light

When storm-clouds sweep :

I know one heart's with me to-night

Upon the deep.

SALLY ST. CLAIR.

A SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

In the ranks of Marion's band,
Through morass and wooded land,
Over beach of yellow sand,

Mountain, plain and valley ;
A southern maid, in all her pride,
March'd gayly at her lover's side,

In such disguise
That e'en his eyes
Did not discover Sally.

When return'd from midnight tramp,
Through the forest dark and damp,
On his straw-couch in the camp
 In his dreams he'd dally
With that devoted, gentle fair,
Whose large black eyes and flowing hair,
 So near him seem,
 That, in his dream,
He breathes his love for Sally.

Oh what joy that maiden knew,
When she found her lover true!—
Suddenly the trumpet blew,
 Marion's men to rally!
To ward the death-spear from his side
In battle by Santee she died!
 Where sings the surge,
 A ceaseless dirge
Near the lone grave of Sally.

THE SUITORS.

WEALTH sought the bower of Beauty,
Dress'd like a modern beau ;
Just then Love, Health and Duty
Took up their hats to go.
Wealth such a cordial welcome met,
As made the others grieve,
So Duty shunn'd the gay coquette,
Love, pouting, took French leave—
He did—
Love, pouting, took French leave.

Old Time, the friend of Duty,
Next call'd to see the fair ;
He laid his hand on Beauty,
And left her in despair.
Wealth vanish'd !—Last went rosy Health—
And she was doom'd to prove,
That those who Duty slight for Wealth,
Can never hope for Love—
Ah, no—
Can never hope for Love.

THE CARRIER-DOVE.

WHILE before St. Agnes' shrine
 Knelt a true knight's lady-love,
From the wars of Palestine
 Came a gentle carrier-dove.
Round his neck a silken string
 Fasten'd words the warrior writ ;
At her call he stoop'd his wing,
 And upon her finger lit.

She, like one enchanted, pored
 O'er the contents of the scroll,
For the lady loved her lord
 With a pure devoted soul.
To her heart the dove she drew,
 While she traced the burning line,
Then away the minion flew
 Back to sainted Palestine.

To and fro, from hand to hand
 Came and went the carrier-dove,
Till throughout the holy land
 War resign'd his sword to Love.
Swift the dove on wings of light,
 Brought the news from Palestine,
And the lady her true knight
 Wedded at St. Agnes' shrine.

WESTERN REFRAIN.

DROOP not brothers !
As we go,
O'er the mountains,
Westward ho !
Under boughs of misletoe,
Log-huts we'll rear,
While herds of deer and buffalo,
Furnish the cheer.
File o'er the mountains—steady, boys !
For game afar
We have our rifles ready, boys !
Aha !
Throw care to the winds,
Like chaff, boys !—ha !
And join in the laugh, boys—
Hah—hah—hah.

Cheer up, brothers !
As we go,
O'er the mountains,
Westward ho !
When we've wood and prairie land,
Won by our toil,
We'll reign like kings in fairy-land,
Lords of the soil !
Then westward ho ! in legions, boys,
Fair freedom's star
Points to her sunset regions, boys !
Aha !
Throw care to the winds,
Like chaff, boys, ha !
And join in the laugh, boys —
Hah — hah — hah.

WILL NOBODY MARRY ME ?

HEIGH-HO ! for a husband !—Heigh-ho !

There's danger in longer delay !

Shall I never again have a beau ?

Will nobody marry me, pray ?

I begin to feel strange, I declare !

With beauty my prospects will fade—

I'd give myself up to despair

If I thought I should die an old maid.

,

I once cut the beaux in a huff—

I thought it a sin and a shame

That no one had spirit enough

To ask me to alter my name.

So I turned up my nose at the short,

And cast down my eyes at the tall ;

But then I just did it in sport,

And now I've no lover at all.

These men are the plagues of my life ;
'Tis hard from so many to choose !
Should any one wish for a wife,
Could I have the heart to refuse ?
I don't know—for none have proposed—
Oh dear me !—I'm frighten'd I vow !
Good gracious ! who ever supposed
That I should be single till now ?

THE BALL-ROOM BELLE.

THE moon and all her starry train,
Were fading from the morning sky,
When home the ball-room belle again
Return'd with throbbing pulse and brain,
Flush'd cheek, and tearful eye.

The plumes that danced above her brow,
The gems that sparkled in her zone,
The scarf of gold-wove myrtle bough,
Were laid aside — they mock'd her now,
When desolate and lone.

That night how many hearts she won !
The reigning belle, she could not stir
But like the planets round the sun
Her suitors followed—all but one !
One all the world to her.

And she had lost him !—marvel not
That lady's eyes with tears were wet ;
Though love by man is soon forgot,
It never yet was woman's lot
To love and to forget.

THE MINIATURE.

WILLIAM was holding in his hand
The likeness of his wife—
Fresh, as if touch'd by fairy wand,
With beauty, grace and life.
He almost thought it spoke — he gazed
Upon the treasure still ;
Absorbed, delighted and amazed,
He view'd the artist's skill.

“ This picture is yourself, dear Jane,
”Tis drawn to nature true :
I've kiss'd it o'er and o'er again,
It is so much like you.”
“ And has it kiss'd you back, my dear ?”
“ Why—no—my love,” said he.
“ Then, William, it is very clear,
”Tis not at all *like me* !”

THE RETORT.

OLD Birch, who taught the village school,
Wedded a maid of homespun habit ;
He was stubborn as a mule,
And she was playful as a rabbit.
Poor Jane had scarce become a wife,
Before her husband sought to make her
The pink of country-polish'd life,
And prim and formal as a quaker.

One day the tutor went abroad,
And simple Jenny sadly miss'd him ;
When he return'd, behind her lord
She slyly stole and fondly kiss'd him !
The husband's anger rose !—and red
And white his face alternate grew !
“ Less freedom, ma'am !” Jane sigh'd and said,
“ *Oh, dear ! I didn't know 'twas you !*”

LINES TO A POET.

How sweet the cadence of thy lyre !

What melody of words !

They strike a pulse within the heart

Like songs of forest birds,

Or tinkling of the shepherd's bell

Among the mountain herds.

Thy mind's a cultured garden,

Where Nature's hand has sown

The flower-seeds of poësy —

And they have freshly grown,

Imbued with beauty and perfume

To other plants unknown.

A bright career's before thee—
All tongues pronounce thy praise ;
All hearts thy inspiration feel,
And will in after days ;
For genius breathes in every page
Of thy soul-thrilling lays.

A nameless grace is round thee—
A something, too refined
To be described, yet must be felt
By all of human kind :
An emanation of the soul
That cannot be defined.

Then blessings on thee, minstrel—
Thy faults let others scan :
There may be spots upon the sun,
Which those may view that can ;
I see them not—yet know thee well
A POET AND A MAN.

THE COLONEL.

THE colonel !—such a creature!

I met him at the ball !

Perfect in form and feature,

And so divinely tall !

He praised my dimpled cheeks and curls,

While whirling through the dance,

And match'd me with the dark-eyed girls

Of Italy and France !

He said, in accents thrilling,

“Love’s boundless as the sea !

And I, dear maid, am willing

To give up all for thee !”

I heard him—blush’d—“would ask mamma”—

And then my eyes grew dim :

He looked — I said, “mamma — papa —

I’d give all up for him !”

My governor is rich and old :

 This well the colonel knew.

“Love’s wings,” he said, “when fringed with gold,

 Are beautiful to view !”

I thought his ’haviour quite the *ton*

 Until I saw him stare,

When merely told—that-brother-John—

 Papa—would—make—his—heir !

Next day and the day after

 I dress’d for him in vain —

Was moved to tears and laughter —

 He never came again !

But I have heard for widow Dash

 He bought the bridal ring —

And he will wed her for her cash —

 The ugly, hateful thing !

I LOVE THE NIGHT.

I LOVE the night when the moon streams bright
On flowers that drink the dew,
When cascades shout as the stars peep out,
From boundless fields of blue ;
But dearer far than moon or star,
Or flowers of gaudy hue,
Or murmuring trills of mountain rills,
I love, I love, love — you !

I love to stray at the close of day,
Through groves of linden trees,
When gushing notes from song-birds' throats
Are vocal in the breeze.
I love the night — the glorious night !
When hearts beat warm and true ;
But far above the night, I love,
I love, I love, love — you !

THE MAY QUEEN.

Like flights of singing-birds went by
The cheerful hours of girlhood's day,
When, in my native bowers,
Of simple buds and flowers
They wove a crown and hail'd me Queen of May.

Like airy sprites the lasses came,
Spring's offerings at my feet to lay ;
The crystal from the fountain,
The green-boughs from the mountain
They brought to cheer and shade the Queen of May.

Around the May-pole on the green,
A fairy ring they tripp'd away ;
All merriment and pleasure,
To chords of tuneful measure,
They bounded by the happy Queen of May.

Though years have pass'd and time has strewn
My raven locks with flakes of gray,
Fond memory brings the hours
Of buds and blossom-showers
When in girlhood I was crown'd the Queen of May.

VENETIAN SERENADE.

COME, come to me, love !
Come love ! — Arise !
And shame the bright stars
With the light of thine eyes ;
Look out from thy lattice,
Oh lady, appear !
A swan on the water,
My gondola's near !

Come, come to me, love !
Come, love ! — My bride !
O'er crystal in moonbeams
We'll tranquilly glide :
In the dip of the oar
A melody flows
Sweet as the nightingale
Sings to the rose.

Come, come to me, love !
Come, love ! — The day
Brings warder and cloister !
Away then, away !
O haste to thy lover ;
Not yon star above
Is more true to heaven,
Than he to his love !

THE
WHIP-POOR-WILL.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO NORTON M^r MICHAEL, ESQ.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.



"The plaint of the wailing whip poor will,
Who moans unseen, and ceaseless sings,
Ever a note of wail and wo,
Till morning spreads her rosy wings,
And earth and sky in her glances glow."

J. N. B. 1842



“ Why dost thou come at set of sun,
Those pensive words to say ?
Why whip poor Will ! — What has he done ?
And who is Will, I pray ?



“Why come from yon leaf shaded hill,
A suppliant at my door? —
Why ask of me to whip poor Will?
And is Will really poor?”



“ If poverty’s his crime, let mirth
From out his heart be driven :
That is the deadliest sin on earth,
And never is forgiven !



“ Art Will himself? — It must be so —
I learn it from thy moan,
For none can feel another's woe
As deeply as his own.



**" Yet wherefore strain thy tiny throat,
While other birds repose ?
What means thy melancholy note ?
The mystery disclose.**



"Still 'whip-poor-will!'—Art thou a sprite,
From unknown regions sent,
To wander in the gloom of night,
And ask for punishment?"



“ Is thine a conscience sore beset
With guilt — or, what is worse,
Hast thou to meet writs, duns and debt,
No money in thy purse?



“ If this be thy hard fate indeed,
Ah well may'st thou repine :
The sympathy I give I need —
The poet's doom is thine.



“ Art thou a lover, Will ? — Hast proved
The fairest can deceive ?
Thine is the lot of all who've loved
Since Adam wedded Eve.



“Hast trusted in a friend, and seen
No friend was he in need?
A common error — men still lean
Upon as frail a reed.



**"Hast thou in seeking wealth or fame,
A crown of brambles won ?
O'er all the earth 'tis just the same
With every mother's son !**



**"Hast found the world a Babel wide,
Where man to Mammon stoops?
Where flourish arrogance and pride,
While modest merit droops?"**



“What, none of these?—Then, whence thy pain,
To guess it who's the skill?
Pray have the kindness to explain
Why I should whip poor Will?”



**“Dost merely ask thy just desert?
What not another word? —
Back to the woods again, unhurt —
I will not harm thee, bird!**



“But treat thee kindly — for my nerves,
Like thine, have penance done;
‘Treat every man as he deserves
Who shall ‘scape whipping?’ — None.



“Farewell poor Will — not valueless
This lesson by thee given :
‘Keep thine own counsel, and confess
Thyself alone to heaven!’”



PLATE 18.

SONGS AND DUETS

FROM THE OPERA OF

THE MAID OF SAXONY.

THE MUSIC BY C. E. HORN.

THE GENTLE BIRD.

THE gentle bird on yonder spray,
That sings its little life away,
The rose-bud bursting into flower,
And glitt'ring in the sun and shower,
The cherry-blossom on the tree,
Are emblematic all of thee.

Yon moon that sways the vassal streams
Like thee in modest beauty beams ;
So shines the diamond of the mine,
And the rock-crystal of the brine :
The gems of heaven, earth and sea,
Are blended all, dear maid, in thee !

WHEN I BEHOLD.

WHEN I behold that lowering brow
Which indicates the mind within,
I marvel much that woman's vow
A man like that could ever win.
Yet, it is said, in rustic bower,
(The fable I have often heard,)
A serpent has mysterious power
To captivate a timid bird.

This moral then I sadly trace,
That love's a fluttering thing of air :
And yonder stands the viper base,
Who would my gentle bird ensnare.
'Twas in the shades of Eden's bower,
This fascination had its birth,
And even there possessed the power
To lure the paragon of earth.

ALL SHOULD WED FOR LOVE.

FROM my fate there's no retreating,
Love commands and I obey :
How with joy my heart is beating
At the fortunes of to-day.
Life is fill'd with strange romances —
Love is blind the poets say :
When he comes unsought, the chance is
Of his own accord he'll stay.

Love can ne'er be forced to tarry ;
Chain him, he'll the bonds remove ;
Pair'd, not match'd, too many marry —
All should wed alone for love.
Let him on the bridal even,
Trim his lamp with constant ray,
And the flame will light to heaven,
When the world shall fade away.

'TIS A SOLDIER'S RIGID DUTY.

**'Tis a soldier's rigid duty
Orders strictly to obey ;
Let not then the smile of beauty
Lure us from the camp away.
In our country's cause united,
Gallantly we'll take the field ;
But the victory won, delighted
Singly to the fair we yield.**

**Soldiers who have ne'er retreated,
Beauty's tear will sure beguile ;
Hearts that armies ne'er defeated,
Love can conquer with a smile.
Who would strive to live in story,
Did not woman's hand prepare
Amaranthine wreaths of glory,
Which the valiant proudly wear.**

THE LAND OF THE HEART.

SKY, stream, moorland and mountain,
Tree, cot, spire and dome,
Breeze, bird, vineyard and fountain,
Kindred, friends, country and home.
Home, home, home, home,
These are the blessings of home.

Hope how fondly I cherish,
Dear land, to see thee once more ;
Oh, fate ! let me not perish,
Far from my own native shore.
Home, home, home, home,
Saxony, liberty's home.

Those who freedom inherit
Bow not to tyranny's throne,
Then, friends, in a kind spirit,
Judge of my love by your own.
Home, home, home, home,
The land of the heart is our home.

LOVE IS NOT A GARDEN FLOWER.

Alas ! love is not a garden flower,
That shoots from out the cultured earth !
That needs the sunbeam and the shower
Before it wakens into birth :
It owns a richer soil and seed,
And woman's heart contains them both —
Where it will spring, without a weed,
Consummate in its growth.

These leaves will perish when away
From either genial sun or shower ;
Not so will wither and decay
Celestial Love's perennial flower.
'Tis our companion countless miles,
Through weal or wo, in after years ;
And though it flourishes in smiles,
It blooms as fresh in tears.

THE KING, THE PRINCES.

THE king, the princes of the court,
With lords and ladies bright,
Will in their dazzling state resort,
To this grand fête to-night.
The merry hearted and the proud,
Will mingle in the glittering crowd,
Who glide with fashion's sparkling stream,
Where one I love will shine supreme.

The cavaliers of Italy,
The gay gallants of France,
With Spain and England's chivalry
Will join the mazy dance.
The court of Love, the camp of Mars,
Fair Prussian dames, 'earth-treading stars,'
To music's strain will float in light,
Where one I love will beam to-night.

THE MIDNIGHT BELL.

HARK ! 'tis the deep-toned midnight bell,
That bids a sad and long farewell
To the departed hour :
How like a dirge its music falls,
Within these cold and dreary walls
Where stern misfortunes lower.

Ah ! vainly through these prison-bars
Glide the pale beams of moon and stars,
To cheer this lonely tower :
From evening's close to dawn of day
Hope's star sheds not a single ray
To light the solemn hour.

Alas ! what pangs must guilt conceal,
When innocence like mine can feel
So crush'd in such an hour !
I know not whether love be crime,
But if it is, in every clime,
'Tis woman's fatal dower !

SWAY'D BY SMILES FROM THEE.

ONCE mild and gentle was my heart ! —
My youth from guile was free,
Ere falsehood's tongue and slander's dart
Had stain'd and wounded me !
And then no threats could daunt my soul ;
My haughty spirit spurn'd control
Till sway'd by smiles from thee.

A wanderer o'er the desert sand,
An outcast on the sea,
An exile from my native land,
What joy had life for me ?
Each friend misfortune proved a foe ;
I scorn'd the high, despised the low,
Till sway'd by smiles from thee.

THE PERFECTION OF REASON.

THAT law's the perfection of reason
No one in his senses denies
Yet here is a trial for treason
Will puzzle the wigs of the wise.
The lawyers who bring on the action
On no single point will agree,
Though proved to their own satisfaction
That tweedle-dum's *not* tweedle-dee !

To settle disputes — in a fury
The sword from the scabbard we draw ;
But reason appeals to a jury
And settles — according to law.
Then hey for the woolsack — for never
Without it can nations be free ;
But trial by jury for ever !
And for tyranny — fiddle-de-dee !

THE CROTON ODE.

SUNG NEAR THE

Park Fountain,

BY THE

MEMBERS OF THE NEW-YORK SACRED MUSIC SOCIETY,

ON THE

COMPLETION OF THE CROTON AQUEDUCT.

Celebrated October 14, 1842.

Written at the request of the Corporation of the City of New-York.

THE CROTON ODE.

GUSHING from this living fountain,
Music pours a falling strain,
As the Goddess of the Mountain
Comes with all her sparkling train.
From her grotto-springs advancing,
Glittering in her feathery spray,
Woodland fays beside her dancing,
She pursues her winding way.

Gently o'er the rippling water,
In her coral-shallop bright,
Glides the rock-king's dove-eyed daughter,
Deck'd in robes of virgin white.
Nymphs and naiads, sweetly smiling,
Urge her bark with pearly hand,
Merrily the sylph beguiling
From the nooks of fairy-land.

Swimming on the snow-curl'd billow,
See the river-spirits fair,
Lay their cheeks, as on a pillow,
With the foam-beads in their hair.
Thus attended, hither wending,
Floats the lovely oread now,
Eden's arch of promise bending
Over her translucent brow.

Hail the wanderer from a far-land !
Bind her flowing tresses up !
Crown her with a fadeless garland,
And with crystal brim the cup.
From her haunts of deep seclusion,
Let Intemperance greet her too,
And the heat of his delusion
Sprinkle with this mountain-dew.

Water leaps as if delighted,
While her conquered foes retire !
Pale Contagion flies affrighted
With the baffled demon Fire !

Safety dwells in her dominions,
Health and Beauty with her move,
And entwine their circling pinions
In a sisterhood of love.

Water shouts a glad hosanna !
Bubbles up the earth to bless !
Cheers it like the precious manna
In the barren wilderness.
Here we wondering gaze, assembled
Like the grateful Hebrew band,
When the hidden fountain trembled,
And obeyed the Prophet's wand.

Round the Aqueducts of story,
As the mists of Lethé throng,
Croton's waves, in all their glory,
Troop in melody along.—
Ever sparkling, bright and single,
Will this rock-ribbed stream appear,
When Posterity shall mingle
Like the gather'd waters here.

ADDRESS
FOR THE
BENEFIT OF WILLIAM DUNLAP.

SPOKEN BY MRS. SHARPE.

WHAT gay assemblage greets my wondering sight !
What scene of splendour — conjured here to-night !
What voices murmur, and what glances gleam !
Sure 'tis some flattering, unsubstantial dream.
The house is crowded — everybody's here,
For beauty famous, or to science dear ;
Doctors and lawyers, judges, belles and beaux,
Poets and painters — and heaven only knows
Whom else beside — and, see, gay ladies sit,
Lighting with smiles that fearful place, the pit —
(A fairy change — ah, pray continue it.)

Gray heads are here too, listening to my rhymes,
Full of the spirit of departed times ;
Grave men and studious, strangers to my sight,
All gather round me on this brilliant night.
And welcome are ye all. Not now ye come
To speak some trembling poet's awful doom ;
With frowning eyes a "want of mind" to trace
In some new actor's inexperienced face,
Or e'en us old ones (oh, for shame !) to rate
"With study—good—in time—but—never great :"
Not like yon travel'd native, just to say
"Folks in this country cannot act a play,
They can't, 'pon honour !" How the creature starts !
His wit and whiskers came from foreign parts !
Nay, madam, spare your blushes—you I mean—
There—close beside him—oh, you're full nineteen—
You need not shake your flowing locks at me—
The man's your sweetheart?—then I'm dumb, you see ;
I'll let him off—you'll punish him in time,
Or I've no skill in the prophecy of rhyme !
A nobler motive fills your bosoms now,
To wreath the laurel round the silver'd brow
Of one who merits it—if any can—
The artist, author, and the honest man.

With equal charms his pen and pencil drew
Rich scenes, to nature and to virtue true.
Full oft upon these boards hath youth appear'd,
And oft your smiles his faltering footsteps cheer'd ;
But not alone on budding genius smile,
Leaving the ripen'd sheaf unown'd the while ;
To boyish hope not every bounty give,
And only youth and beauty bid to live.
Will you forget the services long past —
Turn the old war-horse out to die at last,
When, his proud strength and noble fleetness o'er,
His faithful bosom dares the charge no more ?
Ah, no — the sun that loves his beams to shed
Round every opening floweret's tender head,
With smiles as kind his genial radiance throws
To cheer the sadness of the fading rose :
Thus he, whose merit claims this dazzling crowd,
Points to the past, and has his claims allowed ;
Looks brightly forth, his faithful journey done,
And rests in triumph — like the setting sun.

ADDRESS
FOR THE
BENEFIT OF JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

SPOKEN BY MRS. CHAPMAN.

NAY ! — Mr. Simpson ! — 'Tis not kind — polite —
To shut me out, sir ? — I'm in such a fright ! —
I cannot speak the lines, I'm sure ! — Oh, fy !
To say I must — well, if I must — I'll try !

From him I turn to these more generous souls,
The drama's patrons and the friends of Knowles.
Why what a brilliant galaxy is here !
What stars adorn this mimic hemisphere !
Names that shine brightest on our country's page !
The props of science — literature — the stage !
Above — below — around me — woman smiles,
The fairest floweret of these western wilds —
All come to pay the tribute of their praise
To the first dramatist of modern days ;
And welcome, to the green home of the free,
With heart and hand, the bard of liberty !

His is a wizard wand. Its potent spell
Broke the deep slumber of the patriot Tell !
And placed him on his native hills again,
The pride and glory of his fellow men !
The poet speaks — for Rome Virginia bleeds !
Bold Caius Gracchus in the forum pleads !
Alfred — the Great, because the good and wise —
Bids prostrate England burst her bonds and rise !
Sweet Bess, the Beggar's Daughter, beauty's queen,
Walks forth the joy and wonder of the scene !
The Hunchback enters — kindly — fond — severe —
And last, behold the glorious Wife appear !

These are the bright creations of a mind
Glowing with genius, chastened and refined.
In all he's written, be this praise his lot,
"Not one word, dying, would he wish to blot !"

Upon my life 'tis no such easy thing
To laud the bard, unless an eagle's wing
My muse would take ; and, fixing on the sun
Her burning eye, soar as his own has done !

Did you speak, sir ? — What, madam, did he say ?
Wrangling ! — for shame ! — before your wedding-day !
Nay, gentle lady, by thine eyes of blue,
And vermeil blushes, I did not mean you !

Bless me, what friends at every glance I see !
Artists and authors — men of high degree ;
Grave politicians, who have weighed each chance —
The next election, and the war with France ;
Doctors, just come from — curing half a score,
And belles from — killing twice as many more ;
Judges, recorders, aldermen and mayors,
Seated, like true republicans, down stairs !
All wear a glow of sunshine in their faces
Might well become Apollo and the graces,
Except one yonder, with a look infernal,
Like a blurr'd page from Fanny Kemble's Journal !

But to my task. The muse, when I began,
Spoke of the writer — welcome ye the man.
Genius, at best, acts but an humble part,
Unless obedient to an honest heart.
And such a one is his, for whom to-night,
These walls are crowded with this cheering sight.
Ye love the poet — oft have conn'd him o'er —
Knew ye the man, ye'd love him ten times more.
Ye critics spare him from your tongue and quill,
Ye gods applaud him, and ye fops — be still !

ADDRESS
FOR THE
BENEFIT OF HENRY PLACIDE.

SPOKEN BY MRS. HILSON.

THE music's done. Be quiet, Mr. Durie !
Your bell and whistle put me in a fury !
Don't ring up yet, sir — I've a word to say
Before the curtain rises for the play !

Your pardon, gentlefolks, nor think me bold,
Because I thus our worthy prompter scold :
'Twas all feign'd anger. This enlightened age
Requires a *ruse* to bring one on the stage !

Well, here I am, quite dazzled with the sight
Presented on this brilliant festal night !
Where'er I turn, whole rows of patrons sit —
The house is full — box, gallery and pit !
Who says the New-York public are unkind ?
I know them well, and plainly speak my mind —

"It is our right," the ancient poet sung —
He knew the value of a woman's tongue !
With this I will defend ye — and rehearse
Five glorious *acts* of yours — in flowing verse ;
Each one concluding with a generous deed
For Dunlap, Cooper, Woodworth, Knowles, Placide !
'Twas nobly done, ye patriots and scholars !
Besides — they netted twenty thousand dollars !
"A good round sum," in these degenerate times —
"This bank-note world," so called in Halleck's rhymes ;
And proof conclusive, you will frankly own,
In liberal actions New-York stands alone.

Though roams he oft 'mong green poetic bowers,
The actor's path is seldom strewn with flowers.
His is a silent, secret, patient toil ;
While others sleep, he burns the midnight oil :—
Pores o'er his books — thence inspiration draws —
And wastes his life to merit your applause !
Oh ye, who come the laggard hours to while,
And with the laugh-provoking muse to smile,
Remember this ! the mirth that cheers you so,
Shows but the surface — not the depths below !
Then judge not lightly of the actor's art,
Who smiles to please you, with a breaking heart !

Neglect him not in his hill-climbing course,
Nor treat him with less kindness than your horse :
Up hill indulge him — down the steep descent
Spare — and don't urge him when his strength is spent ;
Impel him briskly o'er the level earth,
But in the stable don't forget his worth !
So with the actor — while you work him hard,
Be mindful of his claims to your regard.

But hold ! — methinks some carping cynic here
Will greet my homely image with a sneer.
Well—let us see—I would the monster view ;—
Man, with umbrageous whiskers, is it you ?
Ah no—I was mistaken : every brow
Beams with benevolence and kindness now ;
Beauty and fashion all the circles grace—
And scowling Envy here were out of place !
On every side the wise and good appear—
The very pillars of the state are here !
There sit the doctors of the legal clan ;
There, all the city's rulers, to a man ;
Critics and editors, and learn'd M.D.'s,
Buzzing, and busy, like a hive of bees ;
And there, as if to keep us all in order,
Our worthy friends the Mayor and Recorder !

Well, peace be with you ! Friends of native worth,
Yours is the power to call it into birth ;
Yours is the genial influence smiles upon
The budding flowerets opening to the sun.
They all around us court your fostering hand—
Rear them with care, in beauty they'll expand—
With grateful odours well repay your toil,
Equal to those sprung from a foreign soil ;
And more Placides bask in your sunshine then,
The first of actors, and the best of men.

NOTES.

"*Woodman, spare that tree.*" — Page 39.

[Extract of a Letter to Henry Russell.]

Riding out of town a few days since, in company with a friend, who was once the expectant heir of the largest estate in America, but over whose worldly prospects a blight has recently come, he invited me to turn down a little romantic woodland pass, not far from Bloomingdale. "Your object?" inquired I. "Merely to look once more at an old tree planted by my grandfather, near a cottage that was once my father's." "The place is yours then?" said I. "No, my poor mother sold it," and I observed a slight quiver of the lip, at the recollection of that circumstance. "Dear mother!" resumed my companion, "we passed many happy, *happy* days, in that old cottage; but it is nothing to me now — father, mother, sisters, cottage — all are gone;" and a paleness overspread his fine countenance, and a moisture came to his eyes as he spoke. After a moment's pause, he added, "Don't think me foolish. I don't know how it is, I never ride out but I turn down this lane to look at that old tree. I have a thousand recollections about it, and I always greet it as a familiar and well-remembered friend. In the by-gone summer-time it was a friend indeed. Under its branches I often listened to the good counsel of my parents and had *such* gambols with my sisters! Its leaves are all off now, so you won't see it to advantage, for it is a glorious old fellow in summer; but I like it full as well in winter time." These words were scarcely uttered, when my companion cried out, "There it is!" Near the tree stood an old man with his coat off, sharpening an axe. He was the occupant of the cottage. "What are you going to do?" asked my friend with great anxiety. "What's that to you?" was the reply. "You're not going to cut that tree down surely?" "Yes, but I am though," said the woodman. "What for," inquired my companion, almost choked with emotion. "What for? Why, because I think proper to do so. What for? I like that! Well, I'll tell you what for. This tree makes my dwelling unhealthy; it stands too near the house; prevents the moisture from exhaling, and renders us liable to fever-and-ague." "Who told you that?" "Dr. Smith." "Have you any other reason for wishing to cut it down?" "Yes, I am getting old; the woods are a great way off, and this tree is of some value to me to burn." He was soon convinced, however, that the

story about the fever-and-ague was a mere fiction, for there never had been a case of that disease in the neighbourhood; and then was asked what the tree was worth for firewood? "Why, when it is down, about ten dollars." "Suppose I should give you that sum, would you let it stand?" "Yes." "You are sure of that?" "Positive." "Then give me a bond to that effect." I drew it up; it was witnessed by his daughter; the money was paid, and we left the place with an assurance from the young girl, who looked as smiling and beautiful as a Hebe, that the tree should stand as long as she lived. We returned to the road, and pursued our ride. These circumstances made a strong impression upon my mind, and furnished me with the materials for the song I send you.

New-York, February 1, 1837.

"Janet Mc Rea."—Page 33.

"We seated ourselves in the shade of a large pine-tree; and drank of a spring that gurgled beneath it. The Indians gave a groan and turned their faces from the water. They would not drink of the spring nor eat in the shade of the tree; but retired to a ledge of rocks at no great distance. I ventured to approach them and inquire the cause of their strange conduct. One of the Indians said in a deep and solemn tone, 'that place is bad for the red man; the blood of an innocent woman, not of our enemies, rests upon that spot—she was there murdered. The red-man's word had been pledged for her safety; but the evil spirit made him forget it. She lies buried there. No one avenged her murder, and the Great Spirit was angry. That water will make us more thirsty and that shade will scorch us. The stain of blood is on our hands, and we know not how to wipe it out. It still rests upon us, do what we will.' I could get no more from them; they were silent, even for Indians. It was the death of Miss Mc Rea they alluded to. She was betrothed to a young American by the name of Jones, who had taken sides with the British and become a captain in their service. The lovers, however, had managed to keep up a correspondence, and he was informed, after a battle in which he distinguished himself for his bravery, that his inamorata was concealed in a house a few miles from Sandy-Hill. As it was dangerous for him to go to her, he engaged a party of confidential Indians to take his horse to her residence and bring her to his tent in safety. He urged her in his letter, not to hesitate a moment in putting herself under their protection; and the voice of a lover is law to a confiding woman. They proceeded on their journey, and stopped to rest under a large pine-tree near a spring—the one at which we drank. Here they were met by another party of Indians, also sent by the impatient lover, when a quarrel arose about her which terminated in her assassination. One of the Indians pulled the poor girl from her horse

and another struck his tomahawk into her forehead — tore off her scalp and gashed her breast. They then covered her body with leaves and left her under the huge pine-tree. One of the Indians made her lover acquainted with the facts, and another brought him her scalp. He knew the long brown tresses of Miss Mc Rea, and in defiance of all dangers, flew to the spot to realize the horrid scene. He tore away the thinly-spread leaves — clasped the still bleeding body in his arms; and, wrapping it in his cloak, was about bearing it away, when he was prevented by his superior officers, who ordered the poor girl to be buried on the spot where she had been immolated. After this event a curse seemed to rest upon the red-man. In every battle their forces were sadly cut up; the Americans attacking them most furiously whenever they could get an opportunity. The prophets of the Indians had strange auguries; they saw constantly in the clouds, the form of the murdered white woman, invoking the blast to overwhelm them, and directing all the power and fury of the Americans to exterminate every red-man of the forest, who had committed the hateful deed of breaking his faith and staining the tomahawk with the blood of a woman, whose spirit still called for revenge. It was agreed among the Indians in a body to move silently away, and by morning's light not a red-man was to be found near the British troops. Captain Jones, too, was no more. In the battle he led on his men with that fearlessness and fury that distressed minds often do; but his men grew tired of following him in such perilous attacks, and began to fly. As he returned to rally them he received a ball in his back. Burning with shame, love and frenzy, he turned and threw himself on the bayonets of the enemy, and at once closed his agonies and expiated his political offence. He was laid by the side of her he had so ardently loved and lamented."— *Events of the Revolution*.

“*The Chieftain's Daughter*.”— Page 66.

“Every part of the brief but glorious life of Pocahontas is calculated to produce a thrill of admiration, and to reflect the highest honour on her name. The most memorable event of her life is thus recorded. After a long consultation among the Indians, the fate of Captain Smith, who was the leader of the first colony in Virginia, was decided. The conclave resumed their silent gravity — two huge stones were placed near the water's edge, Smith was lashed to them, and his head was laid down, as a preparation for beating out his brains with war-clubs. Powhattan raised the fatal instrument, and the savage multitude with their blood-stained weapons stood near their king, silently waiting the prisoner's last moment. But Smith was not destined thus to perish. Pocahontas, the beloved daughter of the king, rushed forward, fell upon her knees, and with tears

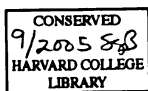
and entreaties prayed that the victim might be spared. The royal savage rejected her suit and commanded her to leave Smith to his fate. Grown frantic at the failure of her supplications, Pocahontas threw her arms about Smith, and laid her head upon his, her raven hair falling around his neck and shoulders, declaring she would perish with or save him. The Indians gasped for breath, fearing that Powhattan would slay his child for taking such a deep interest in the fate of one he considered his deadliest foe. But human nature is the same everywhere : the war-club dropped from the monarch's hand — his brow relaxed — his heart softened ; and, as he raised his brave daughter to his bosom, and kissed her forehead, he reversed his decree, and directed Smith to be set at liberty ! Whether the regard of this glorious girl for Smith ever reached the feeling of love is not known. No favour was ever expected in return. 'I ask nothing of Captain Smith,' said she, in an interview she afterwards had with him in England, 'in recompense for what I have done, but the boon of living in his memory.' John Randolph, was a lineal descendant of this noble woman, and was wont to pride himself upon the honour of his descent. Pocahontas died in the twenty-second year of her age."—*Sketches of Virginia*.

"Sally St. Clair." — Page 89.

Sally St. Clair was a beautiful, dark-eyed, Creole girl. The whole treasury of her love was lavished upon Sergeant Jasper, who on one occasion had the good fortune to save her life. The prospect of their separation almost maddened her. To sever her long jetty ringlets from her exquisite head, to dress in male attire, to enrol herself in the corps to which he belonged, and follow his fortunes in the wars, unknown to him, was a resolution no sooner conceived than taken. In the camp she attracted no particular attention except on the night before the battle, when she was noticed bending over his couch, like a good and gentle spirit, as if listening to his dreams. The camp was surprised and a fierce conflict ensued. The lovers were side by side in the thickest of the fight ; but, endeavouring to turn away a lance aimed at the heart of Jasper, the poor girl received it in her own, and fell bleeding at his feet. After the victory, her name and sex were discovered, and there was not a dry eye in the corps when Sally St. Clair was laid in her grave, near the river Santee, in a green shady nook that looked as if it had been stolen out of Paradise. — *Tales of Marion's Men*.

"Ah ! love is not a garden flower." — Page 144.

The first verse of this song was suggested by a passage in Sheridan Knowles's play of the Hunchback.



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